The Omen

The cover and one inside article have been removed at the request of Student Affairs. This issue will be distributed as a whole, including the missing pages, in September.

In Place of Mark Hugo's Article

n Thursday, May 11th, we, The Omen staff, were invited to the Dean of Student Affairs Office to talk to Mike Ford. Upon arrival, we were informed that he had received two pages from what was to be the last issue of The Omen this semester. One page was the cover. The cover is a drawing of a naked anime-style woman in a non-sexualized, non-submissive pose flipping the bird and surrounded by monkeys that were doing things like mooning. The text read, "The Omen. Sa-lute!" The other page was a submission from Mark Hugo. The page consisted of a collage of porn with Mark's head saying "Looka me!" Mike Ford said that he thought these pages were intended to be "drive by speech," which he defined as saying something offensive and not giving the community the time to respond. His problem is not with the content, but with the timing. He feels that because we are publishing this issue at the end of the year, students are not going to have a chance to organize a response. Therefore, he would not allow us to distribute The Omen until September. He listened to our arguments, but his decision remained firm.

Our argument for the cover is that it is a political cartoon. It is not aimed at the people who were offended by our poster earlier in the semester. We put a lot of thought into considering the problems that were expressed about the poster. The woman on the cover is not drawn in a submissive, sexualized position. She's flipping the bird, a position of defiance. The gesture is not aimed at those who were offended, but rather those who failed to listen to our side of the story, or even acknowledge that we had one. Our argument for Mark's article was simple: Mark's article was a submission. In accordance with our charter, we are obligated to print whatever we receive without editing for content.

Mark's article is his opinion alone. The article is not libelous, thus our charter requires us to publish it. Both authors will not be returning in the fall and will not be here for people to respond to them personally. In our opinion, this weakens the concept of this being "drive by speech" since these individuals will be on campus for over a week after the distribution.

In order to get this issue distributed on time, we are pulling the cover and Mark Hugo's article. In their place is this letter of explanation. We are upset and angry that we need to censor ourselves in order to get this issue out in a timely manner. It is a violation of our charter and everything that The Omen stands for. Mark Hugo could possibly take legal action against The Omen and Hampshire College for violation of our charter. Please accept our sincere apologies for this action. Anyone who does want a full, complete copy of the original Omen, may contact us. They will be given a copy of the original unmangled issue when they sign a waiver form. This goes against Student Affairs' wishes, but we firmly believe that we are justified in doing this and that interested individuals have a right to see this issue now.

We called the American Civil Liberties Union in order to look into the legality of Student Affairs' actions. They told us that delaying the distribution of The Omen until September is censorship. (From www.aclu.org/news/ w111997a.html) "Censorship includes confiscating copies of the paper, prior review of articles, removing objectionable material, limiting circulation, suspending editors or withdrawing financial support." Government court cases show that delay causes irreparable harm. This censorship is prior restraint. The fact that this might be offensive is not grounds for censorship. Being offended is the price we pay for a free society.

"Drive by speech" is not an issue according to the ACLU. The school has no right to confiscate The Omen and delay the distribution until September. We have every legal right to take The Omen and distribute it as it is according to government law. In Non Satis Non Scire it says (pg.38) "Any member of the college has the right to publish and distribute without interference. However, while such members may not be subject to previous restraint they shall be held accountable for any erroneous, malicious, or slanderous statements that violate any other right affirmed by this document."[Italics ours] We are making this compromise solely to release as complete an issue as we can with as little hassle as possible.

Another thing that disturbs us greatly, is the method on which these pages were obtained. Mike Ford told us that he did not know how the complainants obtained the pages. The issue has not been distributed or even completely published. The only way anyone other than an Omen staff member could have obtained these pages is through illicit means. We have written testimony from a member of The Forward staff that states "On Tuesday, May 2, I was in attendance at the final Forward meeting of the year. During this meeting the Co-managing Editors of The Forward, Josh Crawford and Kaitlin Sopoci-Belknap, along with Isaac Curtis opened the issue of The Omen stored in the Pub Lab Computer and immediately proceeded to read, analyze, and attack it. They then deemed it offensive and decided that it was too offensive to print, making threats to call Mike Ford and even Greg Prince." The testimony also says that this is not the first time that this has happened.

The Omen files are password protected. These three individuals re-

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HAVE A GREAT SUMMER COMMUNITY COUNCIL!

continued from page 27

by B.A. Boyle

ally had to go out of their way to read them. These individuals have in the past shown their opposition to *The Omen* and need to be held accountable for their underhanded and deceitful actions. We intend to do everything in our power to see that they are punished accordingly.

In closing, we are releasing a self-censored issue of *The Omen* to the community, but any community member who would like a complete version may contact us to receive one. They will be required to sign a waiver that says they are knowingly and willingly choosing to read a copy that includes the two pages discussed above. It is unfortunate that it comes down to this, but thanks to the actions of a few individuals, it is necessary.

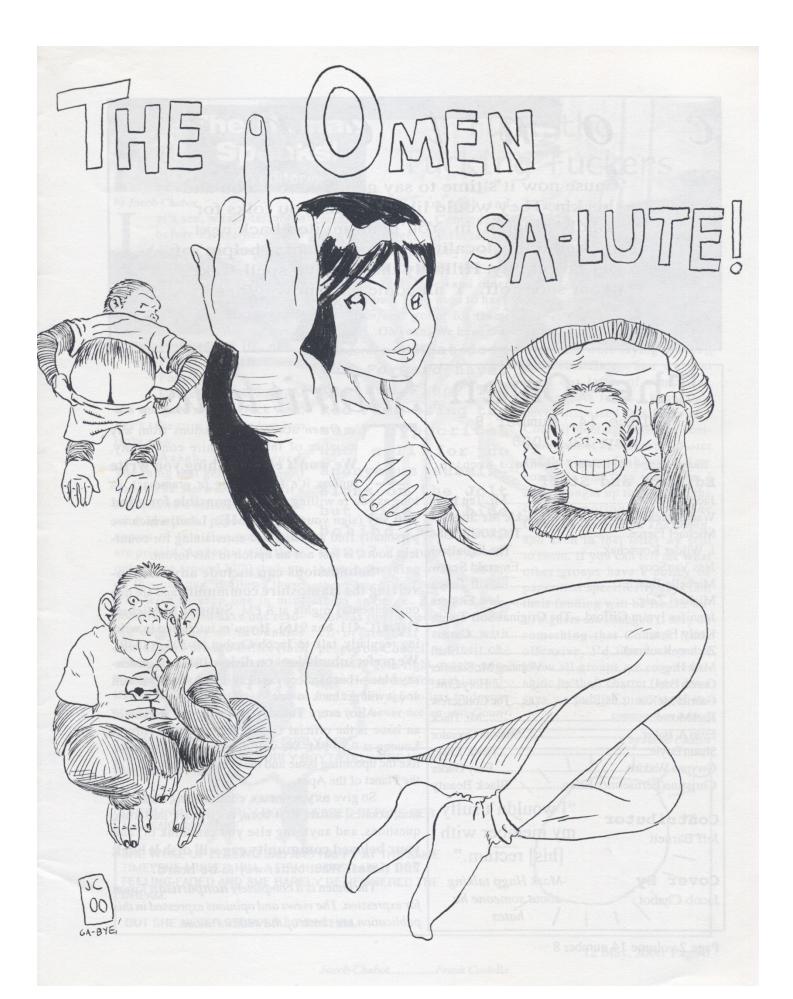
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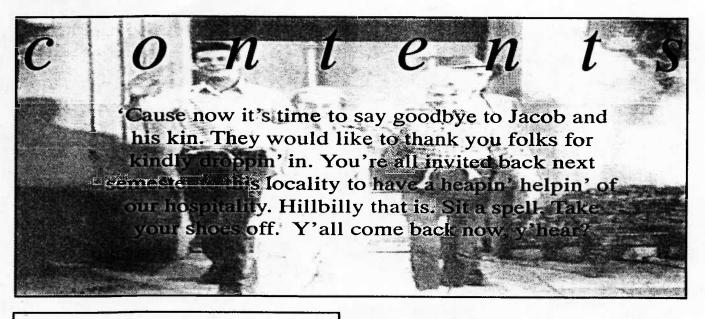
Jacob Chabot, Editor in Chief of The Omen

and The Omen staff

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The Omen

Volume 14, Number 8 May 12, 2000

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Editors and Staff

	Mr. Ten Inch
Wade Stuckwisch	Tickle Me Stickler
Michael Pierce	Thick Jelly Vibe
J. Wilder Konschak	The Equalizer
Jess VanScoy	Emerald Screw
Michelle Beach	Soft Touch
Michael Zole	Just Fingers
Jennifer Jymm Gifford	The Original Soft Touch
	Caress
Zachary Kaufman	
	Vibrating Mr. Satisfier
Gareth Edel	Holy Cow!
Gabriel McKee	The Corkscrew
Gabriel McKeeKarl Moore	
Karl Moore	
Karl Moore	Mr. ThickSmooth Operator
Karl MooreEvan A. Baker	Mr. ThickSmooth OperatorBlack Tower

Contributor

Jeff Barnett

"I wouldn't sully my member with [his] rectum."

Cover By

Jacob Chabot

-Mark Hugo talking about someone he hates

Submit to us ...

he Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We won't edit anything you write (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to be responsible for what you say (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 PM. Submit to Michael Pierce (C-411, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-305, x4349). We prefer submissions on disk—IBM or high density Mac—but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

Also, every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9:30 PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue and the ever-prevalent dawn of the Planet of the Apes.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely **nonpartisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors' alone.



Fuck the Fucking Fuckers

by Jacob Chabot

et's see, what's left to do before I leave here... Drawn one more anime chick. Check.

Killed off Surly Boy Check.

Kicked ass on the grass. Check.

> Finished Div III...uh... PASSED Div III. Check. Found job.

Wrote last Omen editorial and gave my final fuck yous. Let's take care of these last two right now.

Aaaah, The Forward The thing that gets me the most about The Forward is that it's Hampshire's official paper. And what an official paper it is. 2000 copies of this fine publication are printed. And what with there only being around 1200 students on this campus, it allows those who wish to keep one in mint condition to also have one reading copy. They sit in bundles outside the Forward Office (this office is another perk of being Hampshire's official paper). I like to build thrones out of these stacks of unread Forwards and

pretend that I am high and mighty just like Community Council (I'll get to them later.). They fill their pages by reprinting articles from the web and The New York Times and older publications. They used to have Oh, Mumford! going for them, cerns of the students when they but now...Oh yeah! We have Oh, Mumford now! What does Omen and were saying how evil the Forward have? The Red Flag? The Red Flag being the same hypocrites call for who anonymous submissions on the Jolt like to hide behind | a group name? I'm sure Gabe will have something to say about them later, so I won't go into them anymore. And The Forward is run by people on Council or are best friends with people on Council, so their objectivity goes right out the window. How's that for real journalism! I bet you dollars to donuts you will never see an anti-Coun-

cil article in the Forward. In closing, FUCK YOU, FORWARD!

On to Community Council I like how they tend to ignore anything that is brought up against them. They say they were only acting upon the congot real stompin' mad at The we were. But when we sent them our letter of complaint, nothing. As far as I know they never discussed this letter at a Council meeting. Someone complains about an offensive poster and they're out for blood, but we complain and they ignore us. I have brought up the issue of the current motion against The Omen on the Jolt, in The Omen, and even in that letter we sent to them. If you can tell me what other groups have a policy on paper that specifically says that their funding will be frozen until signers are changed if they do something that Council finds offensive, I'd like to know. I know all groups are required to abide by their charter (ours even says we publish pictures of nacontinued on page 4

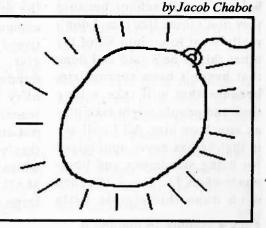
THE AMAZING EPILOGUE OF SURLY BOY

WHAT DID NIXON GIVE SURLY BOY? YOU WERE NEVER MEANT TO KNOW.

A WEEK LATER, JOEY KAREN HAD A DREAM WHERE SURLY BOY APPEARED BEFORE HER AND SAID GOODBYE.

SHE WOKE UP FEELING SAD AND HAPPY AT THE SAME TIME. SHE MISSED HIM. A FEW HOURS LATER THIS FEELING FADED AND SHE BARELY REMEMBERED THE DREAM.

BUT SHE NEVER STOPPED LOVING HIM.



ked people) and community norms, but from my understanding there are several options to go from there. Options range from immediate termination of funding to a mere slap on the wrist. If this already applied to all groups, then why have one that specifically mentions The Omen. There is no question and no discussion about what will happen to us if Council decides we were bad. This could possibly be considered prior restraint and unconstitutional. Oh, yeah. And we're all about to leave and we still haven't received that damn letter they threatened to send back on March 1st. You know, I just can't take them seriously anymore. Then there's the fact that they tried to pull one over on you by paying their late fees on walkie talkies with your money, but I hear that they're going to hold fundraisers to try to pay for them now. At least they finally returned the damn things. I hope this new regime in Council can do a better job than this semester, but till then, FUCK YOU COMMU-**NITY COUNCIL!**

And then there's Isaac Curtis. I can't say that I'm sorry that he lost the election. It might have something to do with the fact that he likes to call people bigots and say that they don't belong at this school because they don't think like him. I don't really want to go into all of the other things he's said and done that haven't been appropriate, because that will take a long time and people might take it as an attack on him. All I will say is that he has never apologized for being slanderous and libelous towards The Omen. If he had even done this simple little thing, I might respect him a little more, but no. FUCK YOU, ISAAC CURTIS!

I've never had a problem with Greg Prince until last week, when we all got the E-mail that was/wasn't from him. It basically ignores any other side to the argument that something is offensive. It's kind of like Council and Isaac in that way. If you do not agree that the posters are offensive, then you are wrong and possibly even evil. You probably need to go through some brainwashing to make you think otherwise. The word diversity is used about a dozen times in this message yet he refuses to admit that there even is another side. FUCK YOU, GREG!

Finally, the big one. I'm really pissed off at what Hampshire has become this past semester, or maybe I'm just finally seeing it. Hampshire seemed like it was a pretty easy-going place. You had more freedom. You had lots of different people with different ideas. Now I see that if you're anything other than a radical left winger, you will get nothing but shit from this school. I've always considered myself pretty liberal, but the minute I step foot on this campus, I become a conservative. I don't like the kind of fascist, homogenous political mindset that Hampshire has. It's okay to poke fun at UMASS 'cause they're nothing but stupid drunks, or Amherst because they're a bunch of rich kids, or white men because they're THE MAN, or Christians, or CEOs of large companies, cause that's

okay. Do you know what UMASS thinks about Hampshire? They think you're all a bunch of lazy people who never do any work and just sit around all day in the sun and smoke pot, while they're working their asses off to get an education that might get them an actual job someday.

Then there's the totally different issue that I've had five advisors in my tenure here. Half of them probably don't even remember me. I've had evaluations that I only got after two years because I threatened not to pay my tuition. None of my committee show up to my final Div 2 meeting. I had to take three whole NS courses because they wouldn't let me two course them (the system is probably totally different now). I had to take a bunch of "required" classes to pass my Div 2. At least now I know better than to send my kids here. Don't call me to ask for alumni donations. FUCK YOU, HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE.

There. I feel much better now. Despite all of the bitter and nast things I've said about Hampshire, I've had fun here. I've met a lot of really great people at this school. Not everyone is a pretentious prick. We were able to get money to print these issues of The Omen, and have our own amateur professional wrestling collective (suckers!). Thanks to The Omen staff for doing those things they do. Thanks to all of the readers of The Omen, fans of the WWC, and of Surly Boy and Rick and Saurus. And, on top of it all, I actually managed to graduate. Sometimes it just all feels worth it. But then, maybe today was just a good day. Take it easy, Omenites. I'll see you on the flip side.

Jacob and Wade and Mark Suck and I'm Not Gonna Miss Them and *The Omen* Will Be Better Now that They Are Gone



by Michael Benni Pierce

here always seems to be one issue of *The Omen* per semester that I decide to break down the facade of fantasy land and let myself shine as the person I truly am. In the case of this semester, this is the issue I picked for such an exposition.

"But why?" you, the reader, asks.

"Well," I reply, "When this semester ends and we all have to go home or away from home or into the wastelands of the mid-west or, eventually Hell (since we are all sinners here at The Omen), only a select few of us will be returning in the fall. As the reader probably already knows, the most hardcore staff of The Omen will never be reentering the unknown-to-most Publications Lab of Hampshire College. All I have to say is, 'WOO-HOO!' Together, Wade Stuckwisch, Jacob Chabot, and Mark Hugo have written more "Section Hate"s than all of the others ever written put together. I would also add Michelle Beach, Gareth Edel, and all of the other one time staff members graduating this year, but they all weren't mean enough to be put to the list. I also didn't specifically name Travis Dale because I like to pick on him, that scrawny little nobody.

"Because I will become the new Editor-in-Chief next semester with a very brave and dedicated staff alongside me, I just wanted to happily say that I am glad to be getting rid of this dead weight. If you know Jacob or Wade or Mark, then you will know exactly what I am

talking about. For example, take Jacob Chabot. All he did was draw all the time, and do that comic strip that nobody really liked. What was it? Oh yeah, The Adventures of Surly Boy. And then there's Wade Stuckwisch. One word comes to mind when I think of Wade: Booze. Yes, booze. Wade came to Omen meetings drunk, or planning to get drunk more times than I can remember. Then there's Mark Hugo, the guy who thought that I and another staff writer (whose name shall reanonymous-Wilder) main should have been working for The Forward when we got here because he didn't think we were Omen material.

"And I don't hate Michelle or Gareth. They're okay in my book.

"I won't even bother mentioning that other guy again, Travis Q. Dale, whose middle name isn't actually CUE!! What the fuck?

"Anyway, with old times behind us, The Omen has a bleak future ahead of her. I forsee storms of happiness, placidity, no conflict. and Have you ever watched Star Trek: Voyager? Then you know

what I'm talking about—NO CONFLICT. And as everybody knows, no conflict means no story, or at least, a very boring story. What will *The Omen* be

without anger, without "Section Hate," without these so-called *Omen* writers? Well, to be perfectly honest, *The Omen* will never be the same.

"Although I hate them all, more than words can ever truly depict, they have taught me that *The Omen* thrives on conflict. If there is no conflict, then nobody will read *The Omen*. The activists and hippies won't have anything to complain about and will have to return to fighting Walmart or the WTO, and *The Forward* may end up being more popular than us for the first time ever. Do you want this? DO YOU, the reader, REALLY WANT THIS?

"I guess, to sum this rant up, I'm calling out all of the remaining students on campus. Just because this year is over doesn't mean that your time at this college is. Remember the walkie talkies? Will you remember them in the fall? Remember the Omen poster? Will it ever be talked about again? Don't let the conflict die. Conflict spurns ideas, and ideas that are expressed bring people together as a community, even one that argues within itself. Open conflict is better than no conflict, and I can only hope that we have all learned this from the most talented staff of writers to pass through The Omen ever. I salute all of you: Jacob Chabot, Wade Stuckwisch, Michelle Beach, Mark Hugo, and Gareth Edel. Without you, my life would 7 be a lot easier."

Fountain of Stupidity

by Michelle Beach

ast year at this time, I planned to write an article about how pretty the campus is in the Spring, but not at any other time of year. I was going to write about the nice flowers and the buds on the trees and how nice and clean Physical Plant makes everything for graduation. But, when I sat down to write the article, I completely forgot all that I had planned to say and ended up bitching about the latest crappy thing that happened with Council (or maybe it was with being Ficom Chaircrappy things were always happening with that).

It wasn't until The Omen had gone to press that I remembered what I had originally planned to write about.

This year, again, the campus is beautiful. There are little flower petals everywhere. And the dandelions are just starting to change so we can make wishes on them. And, again, I have something else to write about.

Firstly, what's with all the broken glass everywhere? In a school of barefoot hippies, you would think people would be a little more considerate. But I can't walk anywhere without looking at the ground watching where I step. It isn't very nice.

Second, I wanted to put an end to the series on walkie talkies. As far as I know, they have been returned. Council is paying for them out of the Student Activities Fee right now. Next semester they will hold a fund raiser to replace the money.

Third, the Airport Lounge is being renovated over the summer. There are plans for a huge fountain, making it have three levels, and getting all new furniture. All costing

around \$70,000. This seems a little silly to me. The renovations are needed and important, but do they need to be this extravagant? Why can't they use smaller fountains (you know the ones with rocks)? The rock ones are nice and cheap and they don't take up as much space as the proposed fountain.

Also, what's the point of having three levels? The nice thing about the Airport Lounge is the ability to spread out and partition the space so it suits your needs—levels take that away. And they plan on taking away the TV. If someone would lock down the VCR that is supposed to go with it, the Airport Lounge would be a nice alternative to ASH for small scale screenings. But, the proposed plans leave no room for this.

I remember an Airport Lounge committee that met regularly in the Fall. They came up with good plans that didn't call for a fountain or getting rid of the TV. The committee wanted things like a ride board, a calendar, murals, more plants, and fixing the furniture. What happened to these plans? Were they completely disregarded when making the new plans? Or was what the committee wanted decided not to be good enough?

The other thing they want in the Airport Lounge is an all-night computer lab (containing leased lap tops and staffed by volunteer students). It seems that the classroom in ASH could easily fill this need. It is already available late night hours for computer science students. Why can't they work something out with ASH, rather than starting their own thing?

I heard a rumor that because of the new furniture in the Tavern that there will be very few (if any) shows there next semester.

I truly hope that this is just a rumor. There is no other decent place on campus for shows.

Now I'm graduating and will have no say in the things I write about in this article. For the past three years I've been involved in campus politics and publications. I stayed involved long after most people became Div III isolationists.

You see, I have a vision of how Hampshire should be and I really wanted my voice to be heard. So I got involved and stayed involved. Things haven't always gone "my way." Actually, they've probably never gone completely my way and that is as it should be. Everyone comes to Hampshire with their own vision. The danger is when we think that others should share our visions, lieving that anything else is wrong.

The most successful things that I have been apart of at Hampshire have been ones in which people with diverse opinions and goals come together to one common end. We come to college to learn from each other. No learning can take place if we all agree. People are too quick to agree to disagree without really understanding the other side. Instead of working together people too often work against each other-often towards similar goals. So, work gets repeated and learning opportunities are missed.

Sure is pretty this time of year. Hampshire always puts on its best for graduation. But, guests don't be fooled. It's only an act.

Watch out for the broken glass.



My Hate Rant



by Evan A. Baker

ell, this is my last
Omen article before I
transfer and tell this
whole school to fuck off and die.
I figure I should squeeze out one
pile of pointless Omen hate before
I go. So, let the ride begin!

Man, this school used to be so fucking cool. My first year, Hampshire was everything I could ask for in an institution. My second year, I was annoyed by a bunch of people who struck me as being obnoxious socialites (a party with a blacklist?!), but even that could be forgiven, because those dorks were easy to ignore. But all the whining bull-shit this year has just driven me nuts! I mean, get a life, people! There are huge social injustices all around us, all over the world, and you're picking on some SATIRICAL posters, just because you're too wussy to fight for a real cause!

And how come people ten to fifteen years older than us got to come home every afternoon and watch Ultraman and Johnny Socko and His Giant Flying Robot but we don't?! We have access to the dumb Anime version of Giant Robo, but that's not nearly as cool as the live action show was! And the closest we got to Ultraman was the crappy Japanese/Australian coproduced Ultraman: Towards the Future (Japanese title: Ultraman Great). This is arguably the worst Ultra-series ever (the only competition is the American/Japanese co-produced

Ultraman Powered, which never aired over here, but at least it had cool re-designs of classic Ultra-monsters and not the crappy ones they made up for Toward the Future). That, and if you wake up early enough some mornings you can catch TNT's horrific dubbing job of the greatest Ultra-series, Ultra-7. Why the fuck don't we get some of the recent Ultra-series over here?! Bring me Ultraman Dyna!

Women. Women suck. At the moment I'm annoyed by girls who ask to see your schlong but had no intention of doing anything with it. What an absurd tease. Women suck.

Guys really aren't any better. Everybody's an asshole.

All the people who showed up for my three-hour tribute to my own movies is okay, unless there's some other reason I don't like you. But all the people who didn't show up can eat each others' asses for all I care. Go die now!

And why did the fourth, fifth, and sixth Nightmare on Elm Street movies have to be so bad?! The series had such potential! Thank God Wes Craven made Wes Craven's New Nightmare to give Freddy a little dignity again!

Also, Halloween 4 is the only decent sequel to Halloween. What's wrong with these people?! Halloween 6 and Halloween H20 were particularly pathetic attempts! I mean, Jesus...

I think when I started writing this I imagined I might have some kind of a point. I seem to have given that up. Good! Points are for suckers!

And how come you aren't supposed to use the passive voice in essays? That's so stupid! The passive voice rocks! It's often the best way to phrase something to accurately reflect what you consider to be the most significant elements!

And the fucking Rocky Horror Picture Show pisses me off! It starts out as a fairly clever cinematic essay on the films of James Whale (particularly The Old Dark House), but then the fucking Time Warp starts and it all goes to shit! And it's not a "cult movie," folks, it's a paint-bynumbers attempt to create a cult movie! You people who attend it are like Victorian era Londoners slumming it in a Whitechapel bar! You think it would be ever so darling to have a cult movie of your own, and you all get together to effectively make fun of those of us genuinely interested in "cult" cinema. Most Rocky fuckers I've known wouldn't have the guts for Night of the Living Dead, the patience for Glenn or Glenda, or the intelligence for the classic films Rocky is paying tribute to (or, as you fuckers often seem to put it, "parodying").

I hate so many things, but I just don't have the energy right now. I'll kick myself for something I left out the second this goes to the presses, I'm sure...



The Final Word

by Gareth Edel

am not sure that this column is really the way to end my I run as the Omen's on-staff knowit-all. I have made my name here by making fun of and insulting myself and those who write letters to me and here I am ending with letters I can't make fun of. I didn't remember to put the two letters below in the last issue so they are included here. I hope people don't think their inclusion is beating a dead horse. I think that they are interesting. I want to send a big shout out to all the people who have written letters to this column, they made it more fun for us all. Be good, stay safe, and always keep on smiling. I should say that I say 'keep on smiling' all the time and it is a quote from the guy who used to run my local video store in NYC who was a retired cop and would always say, 'keep on smiling,' and I try to.

Dear Evil Twin,

I am still curious and confused and I have a question. Actually it is more like an editorial with a question at the end, but I want a response. I am confused by some the reactions I have been seeing and hearing on campus. Guys who created controversial posters and articles have expressed indignant scorn and outrage that they felt severely criticized and in some cases threatened with physical violence (i.e. being beaten up) as well as told their behavior was unacceptable. I don't believe that violence will solve the problem (believe me if I

did there would be a few less male body parts on campus) but I am confused as to why these guys are outraged that they have felt threatened and made to feel unsafe and uncomfortable on campus. My confusion arises in part because these same guys only mouthed the words that they were sorry that some females on campus felt threatened. In the same breath that these guys said they were sorry, they excused their work and said it was the females misunderstanding if they felt offended or unsafe, and thus the guys' behavior was justified and it is all really the women's fault.

Thus it seems that in fact these guys have not shown concern for their effects on women's experience of safety on campus. Consequently, it makes no sense to me that these guys would think that it is a grievous outrage that they have felt unsafe on campus. I realize that there is a difference between committing sexual assault and expressing what I would call an attitude that at best minimizes concern about sexual harassment and assault and at least in this sense promote them (I have yet to hear a credible argument defending these works although I have asked for one). However, these guys were "only" threatened with physical violence just as the these posters "only" made some women feel threatened and unsafe. And while I think it is unlikely that these guys will actually get beat up many of the women who felt threatened actually have already experienced sexual harassment, sexual assault, and/or racism. Sadly many other women will experience these traumas before they leave college.

Now one of the sad things about experiencing sexual assault, harassment, or racism is that it is very rare to be able to respond and find any justice or reparations for the experience. In light of this, it does not seem like it should be surprising that someone would respond with violence to people expressing what are "perceived" to be misogynist and racist materials. It is very rare that those targeted by sexism and racism have the opportunity or power to get this type of revenge. Although out of the range of offenders these guys may not be the most deserving of violence I think that by their own logic (in which it is unjust to be told to show some consideration for others experience) it can be argued that discrimination, harassment, and even violence against them are justified.

I will grant that I could be wrong, maybe there is some difference between males and females that makes it far more traumatizing for men to be threatened with violence, experience violence or be discriminated against than it is for women. In that case perhaps we should all be outraged that these guys were made to feel uncomfortable and unsafe because those "whinny oversensitive women" were asking for some respect.

So was there something that my teachers forgot to tell me about guys?

signed,

worried about White wiener whinners

Dear Evil Twin.

Is there something wrong with my sense of humor? Every time I read *The Omen* someone writes something

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about if I don't think something he or she wrote was funny I don't have a good sense of humor. I am by no means an expert on humor and my ability to analyze humor is limited so maybe I need your help. Generally I think that when I find something funny it is in part because I feel that there is some truth in what is expressed that I agree with or that resonates with me. Thus when there is a article or skit about George W. Bush I will find it funny if his quotes or modified versions of his words are expressed in a context that makes Bush look like an idiot (I think he is a scary idiot so I appreciate it when someone shows him to be one in a witty manner).

In other cases I may find something funny not because I think the representation is true in the sense I described in the last example but rather because I think it is an accurate representation of how some group sees another group or person. For example a skit on *In Living Color* showing a black men as stupid or black women as prostitutes or crazy I might find funny because what is

shown and said and the context in which it is shown and said indicates that the message of the skit and belief of the performers is not that black men are stupid or women are whores but that some people (for example racist conservative Christians) believe those things. Through the skit these views are actually undermined and refuted. In other cases the skit might actually be making fun of the behavior of some black men or black women or other group but again given the context and behaviors I do not come to feel that the message of the skit or the performers believe that their representation is complete or applicable to many people. In this case I can find rather risky or controversial material humorous. However, if Pat Buchanan or George W. Bush made a superficially similar joke I would not find it humorous because I have no good reason to believe that they are not misogynist racist people. I actually have evidence that Bush and Buchanan are in collusion if not active creators of racist and sexist behaviors.

In an analogous manner I believe I do not find some of the material in Omen humorous because I do not perceive any indication that the authors are not at least in collusion with the sexist, racist, or classist sentiments I perceive in the work (This is not to say I don't find anything in The Omen funny. I especially liked the line about Lynn Miller although I thought the message of the article was wrong headed. Saying that having any standards of respect is asking for a fascist state is so simplistic that I wonder if the author needs to repeat a few grades).

Please Evil Twin tell me what I need to do to not be accused of this terrible condition-

signed, ill-humored

Have a Good Summer!



I Was Tired, And I Had a Deadline

by Karl Moore Separated at Birth? Reese Witherspoon Name: John Witherspoon 24 Age: Fiftysomething Quiche Hot Wings Favorite Food: Madison, WI Los Angeles, CA Homwtown: Teal Periwinkle Favorite Color: Dune Cries and Whispers Favorite Movie "Jaws" "Skid" High School Nickname: "Bad, Bad Leroy Brown" "Free Bird" Favorite Song: WWF WWF Watches: Yes No Penis: Illegitimate Children Glass Eve Darkest Secret: Metallica: In Their Own Words Slaughterhouse-Five Favorite Book: Screamer Grunter Sexual Style: bootylicious summer.



They Come Back... They Always Come Back

by Jeff Barnett

s I sit in my palatial Lunit penthouse atop Merrill-A, I revel in the winter of my "career" here at Hampshire "College." I feel it now necessary to waste yet another page of the beloved Omen in an attempt to briefly relive the glory days of Hampshire's journal of mediocrity, and also as a vehicle for me to distribute a few final "fuck you"'s to the deserving members of the Hampshire community. What are you going to do about it anyway? Hold an All-Community Teach-In?

I started writing for The Omen my first year, waaaay back in the Fall of 1996 (back when you were still sucking your momma's dick... remember?). The Omen was and still is the best way to make your voice heard regarding any issue/belief/value/perversion, no matter how retarded it may be, especially if it conflicts with the prevailing campus opinion or the so-called "community norms." I was certainly guilty on more than one occasion of taking brutal advantage of The Omen's submission anything-goes policy, whether it was by urging folks to think with their heads and not their bleeding hearts, or just the autistic ramblings of a drunken freak (I've always considered myself one of the normal ones at this school). Why, I even wrote under the reign of the infamous Jon Land, the most thought-provoking, hilarious, and offensive editor in the Omen's short, pathetic history. If anyone here can actually remember that far back, I'm sure you understand that it was the highest honor. I was also intimately, spiritually, emotionally, and biblically involved with The Omen under the politically morally corrupt editorship of Jordan Strauss (technically, Land had given The Omen to both Jordan and Jon Klein, but Klein turned out to be a lazy fuck, contributing articles and doing layout only when it served his demonic, megalomaniacal purposes). This period of time was known as The Omen's Gilded Age. Who can forget when we, acting as though we were an actual news publication, beat the prepubescent Forward to the punch in coverage of the UMass Goodell Hall occupation? Is there a more eloquent essay in the history of the English language than my ex-girlfriend Cat Whitehead's helpful list of strategic suggestions directed to-

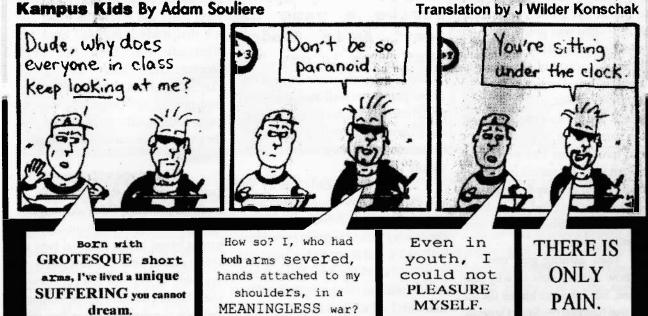
wards any potential male suitors? ("Tip #5—If I offer to go down on you, don't say "If you want to..." Hello!—The only point in giving oral sex is to give the other person pleasure. If I wanted to get off, you'd be the one going down!"). Are there no better moments in contemporary debate than Bert Cattivera's scathing rebuttals to the misinformed, flamboyant ultra-femenist Rebecca Mazer? ("Mazer has proven that, when feminism is combined with poor grammar, the result is unreadable tripe...Mazer laments the 'many misygonist [sic.] uneducated people out there.' Unfortunately, she has misspelled the word 'misogynist', a term she uses frequently. She has, to her credit, managed to correctly spell 'uneducated'."). Of course, there are too many layers in the abrasive and alcoholic melee that is Bert Cattivera to delve into in this format. The word Cattivera, by the way, is Italian for "the bitter truth." And, unless you didn't go here at the time, glimpses into literary genius, such as Jon Klein's classic haiku, ("Dumb Hampshire Students/ pot pot pot pot pot pot/ stupid animals") should be seared into your collective memory. A nod should also be given in the direction of Dave Killen and Mat Lauritsen (graduated) for redefining the phrase "integrity in journalism"

for generations to come with their various articles. If there had been a good music editor in the history of The Omen, my hat would be off to them as well.

In recent light of the Poster Issue, the grandest controversy The Omen has managed to be associated with since the 1995 Rape Awareness Day Chalkings/Counter-chalkings debacle, I would like to extend my praise and gratitude towards The Omen, any publication like The Omen, anyone who has ever written for The Omen, and, grudgingly, even the current Omen staff (don't worry guys...there are both crests and troughs to suckiness, just like waves...). Avenues like The Omen are essential to social discourse, and ultimately, enlightenment. And even though I've ranged from not knowing a lot of you there to just plain disliking some of you, y'all deserve some serious props. Jacob: you've done 31 flavors of awesome on the graphics (remember what The Omen looked like before Jacob? Jesus Christ in a chickenbasket) and had the patience and will to keep this spruce goose airborne. You are a model to all who yearn to be good, pure, and objective. Jess: Your articles kept me reading The Omen even after I became to embarrassed to have my name associated with it...Salut. Michelle: Great job with the news stuff. You're going places. Mark: Even though I never really read more than the first couple of paragraphs of White Trash Saturday, I'm glad that it existed and that there was a place for it. Good luck with that wrestling shit. I'd also like to take this opportunity to let everyone know that I've gotten drunk with Steph Cole, the founder of The Omen. We were trashed and she was hilarious. Members of the "friends" tier (as opposed to the

aforementioned "Trustees") include Jordan Strauss for those late-night episodes of me, drunk, in the publications lab while you and Jon and Bren threw together the week's issue, to the hip-hop sounds of Run-DMC; The Forward for sucking so predictably that you could set your watch to it; Also, the ghosts of students who have since transferred to more critically acclaimed institutions, such as Pam Greenberg of Pam" "Ask infamy; Souvanavanavichwhatever...he doesn't go here anymore either but he was a damn good SectionHate editor; and even the one-hit wonders like Seth Lauritsen (nepotism anyone?) and Cas Lucas and Ross Ford for their telling, completely objective, and upsetting exposee on SAGA. To everyone else currently associated with The Omen, stop reviewing video games, move out of your parents' basements and get laid. That's a doctor's order. To anyone else I forgot to thank, there's a reason. Peace out.

NIHILISTIC GERMAN TRANSLATIONS





Why I Wrote About Video Games...And Why I'm Not Sorry

by Michael Zole

ack in September, I decided to write for The Omen. Just for the hell of it, I guess. Considering I was (and am) a first year, I think I deserve some credit for that; everyone else has taken two or three years to get their shit together and write something. But writing articles isn't always easy. See, to write a coherent article, you generally have to have what they call a "topic". I think I came up with some good ones over the year—candy, Futurama, poorly translated descriptions of Japanese porn-but I'm not a damn robot, people. Occasionally, when the Topic Well ran dry, I wrote about video games. And, at this point, I regret it. So this will be my last video game article ever, unless I get a really good idea for one, which seems unlikely. If you'll indulge me a moment, I'd like to explain why I think video games are worth writing about.

When video games first came out in the 1970s, they were dumb fun—that was pretty much it. They were considered toys, much like the home computers of the day, and marketed as such. They weren't deep, and if they had a plot, it didn't matter. When the Nintendo Entertainment System came along, it became possible to have things like playfields wider than your TV screen or a game you could finish in more than one session (like *The Legend of Zelda*). Games were still dumb fun, but they were getting somewhere.

Then gaming got "cool". I don't know exactly how or why this happened, but I tend to blame the ad agency that handled the Sega Genesis. All of a sudden, cool graphics became

the reason to buy a game system, and with Sonic the Hedgehog (designed by Sega of Japan specifically to appeal to American audiences—FYI) game characters now had to have "attitude". Sega ran many stupid ads promoting the Genesis on grounds that had little to do with how much fun the games were, even asserting that the Genesis had "Blast Processing", which the Super Nintendo did not. What is Blast Processing? Nothing. It didn't exist. But that wasn't the point. The audience for games was starting to shift. Once marketed as toys, games are now marketed as electronics (I think Sony entering the market had something to do with this).

If you want to see what the consumers who are currently driving the game industry are like, go into any Electronics Boutique or other game retailer and stand around for a while. I quarantee you will eventually hear a 15-year-old boy describe a game "gay". As in, "Dude, that game is gay." Or "queer", or some other such term. These people, as well as certain selfproclaimed geeks, are the people buying games (or badgering their mothers into buying them), and that pisses me off.

But why, Zole? Why do you care who buys games? Because games have potential, dammit—that's why I like them. Do you honestly think I sit around playing video games all day? Hell no! I like dumb fun as much as the next guy, but like that chick of eXistenZ said, games can be so much more (albeit not in

a Cronenberg way). Don't believe me? Look at Super Mario 64's bizarre and diverse fantasy environments, a sort of modern-day Alice in Wonderland. Look at Metal Gear Solid, a fine action game, but also a parable about the dangers of nuclear weapons and the psyche of a mercenary. Look at the Final Fantasy series, with its cockroach-like staying power, and plots better than many Holywood movies (and they'd better be good, because the actual gameplay is boring as hell). While I certainly don't believe these games have exhausted the potential of the medium, or even started to, I think they show that games can be more than dumb fun.

Whether video games will ever live up to their potential remains to be seen, as the industry has its priorities way out of order. The obsession with having the newest and greatest game system is a fine example. If you see a really great movie, do you applaud the projector? Do you read a great book and praise the paper and ink that made it legible? Fuck the Nintendo 64, fuck the Sega Dreamcast, fuck the Sony PlayStation. Fuck every game system, past, present, and future. The systems mean nothing without the games, and the games mean nothing without their potential.

I leave you with a quote from Lorne Lanning, who is currently as work on Munch's Oddysee, the second in an ambitious "quintology" of games based in the fictional land of Oddworld. (The full interview is available at http://pc.ign.com/news/18812.html). Have a great summer, and look forward to a game-free year of Section Zole.

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST III ★ by M. Zole I WONDER WHAT IT HOULD BE LIKE TO BE IN A KUROSAHA FILM. YESTERDAY'S BEEF I'M IMAGINING IT. WAS BETTER. THAT WAS COOL!

We created Oddworld as a place to reflect on the current yet timeless dilemmas of our own world. It's rare that today's designers are thinking about video games in this way; but why shouldn't we? If we so choose, this medium can be a very powerful means of communication. If you see the medium in this light, then why bother to create superficial entertainment when you might be able to create content that inspires people in their daily lives. This may seem a bit hokey, but think about the novels or films that we've each fallen for that have had tremendous impact on the way we look at life. We all have our personal favorites that embody something about the human condition that we relate to and evangelize. Well, why shouldn't video games rise to the same degree of inspiration for people?



Regrets Are Unanswered Dreams

by Wade Stuckwisch

know it's very negative of me to dwell on it, but with graduation looming I can't help but think about all the stuff I never did in college. Sure, I had fun, I learned some shit, I downloaded some MP3s, I developed a taste for bourbon, I pissed off some women, and I only really lost my shit once. Still, looming in the back of my mind, along with the prospect of being permanently under-employed and the fact that there's a million people I may never see again come May 22, are all the things I never did. Some I never got around to, some I never managed to do, some I just plain never wanted to be part of my Hampshire experience. So, like John Cusak in High Fidelity, started making a top desert island list of things never did to keep from driving myself nuts. (Top 5 songs about regret... Knapsack "Steeper Than We

Thought," Jejune "Regrets are Unanswered Dreams," Pink Floyd "Wish You Were Here," Samiam "Regret," Jawbreaker "The Boat Dreams From The Hill.") And here it is, presented in its original aspect ratio with director's commentary. But I don't want to dwell, so I'm also going include a top 10 list of the best movies ever for the years

1996-2000 (dates selected completely at random). Yup. Enjoy...

Thing #10: I never masturbated or urinated in the shower. There, now you can't say I never did anything good for this school.

Movie #10: Neon Genesis Evangelion. Technically, that's a 26-episode animated television series and two movies, but nonetheless it's a mind-blowing experience. Imagine rolling up Eastern and Western religion, all sorts of philosophy and psychology, and giant robots trashing Tokyo into one cinematic feature. If you thought Japanese animation is all trite stories about cutesy saucereyed chicks and giant robots, this will prove you dead wrong (although it does feature both).

Thing #9: I never saw The Van Pelt when they played here my freshman year. Come to think of it, I never saw The Lapse either. Fuck!!!

Movie #9: It's a tie between Edward Scissorhands and The Fisher King. (I love putting ties into these lists...) Two of the saddest, most beautiful romances ever put on screen. Tim Burton and Terry Gilliam are both amazing visual directors, and both of them had the benefit of amazing casts. I still cry when Edward Scissorhands runs off to the castle in the end. I'm such a wuss.

Thing #8:I never swam in the reservoir. But seriously, folks, I might drink that water, why would I want to swim in it...

Movie #8: Grosse Point Blank. John Cusak and his writing crew are so fucking cool. Leave it to them to take the hired killer action genre and twist it into a comedy about high school reunions. It's a perfect script, and getting Dan Akroyd and John Cusak to play serial killers was a stroke of genius. Oh wait, this movie had guns in it, therefore it must glorify violence and be terrible and should be stopped. Jesus, I thought I had already left Hampshire there for a minute...

Thing #7: I never even set foot in the Women's Center, the Writing Center, or the Centrum Gallery. In fact, I think I don't believe there is a Centrum Gallery. I think it's just a conspiracy of art students. They invite you to some "opening" in the Centrum Gallery, then they take you out in the woods and forcefully sodomize you. Not for me, thanks...

Movie #7: La Haine (Hate). Take your favorite Spike Lee joint. Now make it French and feed it a bucket of nitro. Bingo... La Haine. Marvelous, marvelous.

Thing #6: I never got elected to Community Council. You all suck. I fucking hate democracy.

Movie #6: A Page Of Madness. It's a Japanese silent flick about a man who works as a janitor in an asylum to be with his mad wife. It's like all the best parts of the silent cinema rolled into one film, and it actually pre-dates many of the most influential films of the

Horoscopes by Neil Diamond

by Gabe McKee, Evan A. Baker, Justin Philpot and Christine Fernsebner Eslao

Por this week's horoscopes, we will be drawing on the clairvoyant power of Neil Diamond's comments on his music in the boxed set "In My Lifetime."

Taurus (April 21-May 21): "Cherry, Cherry"

Although the big version had lots of energy, it lacked the simplicity and groove of the demo.

Let's face it, Taurus. In the sack, you lack groove. Not that anyone will sleep with you. Perhaps if you focused more of your "energy" on your skills as a turntablist instead of putting out 1500 copies of a certain "official" publication (when there are only 1200 students, none of whom read the damned thing), you'd have more luck. But you'd probably just end up getting your intestines eaten by a groundhog.

Gemini (May 22-June 21): "Hello Again"

When we were finished Alan began to fool around on the electric piano and hit upon some nice changes.

When you and Alan were finished being gay together, he turned to you and said, "you know what, Gemini? *The Forward* sucks." And I predict that you will learn he was right.

Cancer (June 22-July 22): "Jonathan Livingston Seagull Suite"

I figured nobody else had much more insight into writing for a seagull, so why not?

Seagulls shit on people. And they especially shit on you, Cancer. You, like *The Forward*, are a shit-magnet, but unlike *The Forward*, you are seagull-specific.

Leo (July 23-August 22): "Shilo"

Shilo is a feast for psychological interpretation and also the song that ended my relationship with Bang Records, who did not see this as 'in the Neil Diamond hit mode' (whatever that might be).

You are deeply in need of psychological help, Leo. All that time spent reading *The Forward* has led you to believe that you are the autocratic head of Bang Records, and you think you can just give Neil Diamond the brush-off. Well, you're wrong, Leo, and you're a bastard to boot. Neil Diamond is God. And *The Forward* ain't.

Virgo (August 23-September 23): "Girl, You'll be a Woman Soon."

All those oohs and aahs and screams made me laugh a little.

What a prick you are, Virgo. When you walk down the street, people run screaming, because you're hideously ugly. Much like the front cover photographs on *The Forward*. What are they thinking, anyway?

Libra (September 24-October 23): "You Don't Bring Me Flowers (Duet with Barbara Streisand)"

I happened to sit near Norman Lear at George Burns' 80th birthday party, and being cheeky, asked Norman what brilliant new show he had planned that would require an equally brilliant theme song.

Screw The Forward.

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): "I am. . . I said"

Started on the film set of an ill-fated screen test, 'I am . . . I said' took four months to complete.

What surprises me most about this quote from Mr. Diamond is the direct correlation to your current state, Scorpio. You are also ill-fated, and you have taken the last four months to get your rocks off proper with that fine piece of ass you have been seeing on the side. Does your significant other know? Probably. Do they care? They care as much about you as most Hampshire students care about *The Forward*.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): "Kentucky Woman"

We attracted teenage girls almost exclusively, and the house, usually a high school auditorium, was filled to the rafters with screaming females night after night.

And, in the words of a great Zen master, "You're gonna die fuckin'." Way to go, Sagittarius. **Too bad**The Forward stole your wallet and came in your hair.

Capricom (December 22-January 20): "T'm a Believer"

Suddenly I was a threat and hot as a pistol.

Wow! In this light, we can't even tell that a copy of *The Forward* is crammed up your ass. But seriously, Capricorn. If you don't stop leaving threatening messages on my answering machine, I'm going to have to regulate. Believe it.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): "I'm Alive"

I never knew when the car might break down.

Red Flag? Red rash. You should really put some ointment on that, Aquarius. Make sure you don't pay for it out of *The Forward*'s coffers. That would be a misallocation of funds.

continued on other side

12. I'm So Tired

by Justin Philpot

ack when I was still in high school I was given the op-portunity to go to the New England Young Writers Conference at Middlebury College in Vermont. I had to apply for financial aid through my schools English department to be able to attend. Because the head of the English department was grooming me to be the next 800 score in the verbal portion of the SAT I got the money.

My best friend here at Hampshire, and several other friends of mine, went to the same conference. The one thing we all have in common with one another is that we never really wrote for ourselves after that conference. At the ages of 16 and 17 we had the creative force of our angst – ridden adolescence removed from us like a tumor from a cancer patient. Something about realizing that we were not alone when we ripped up the world in our notebooks changed the way we all looked at our work. So we stopped.

The thing that depresses me the most, though, is that all of our work was great.

Our work was great because, at one point or another, we all felt as if we were alone. What we wrote was wholly our own in the only way that it possibly could be; we thought it was, so it was. And then we met and interacted with 200 people who were the same as we were and talked and wrote and dealt with the same things we did and what we had was gone. And we paid for it. Well, in my case it was a loan taken out on future performance. I wish I had paid for it.

I really hate Hampshire right now and it's because I feel more alone here than I ever did before. Ever. We're surrounded by hundreds of people who are the same, either because we all perceive each other that way or because we truly believe it. That is what I thought would be great about this place when I came here and it's the reason I'm leaving now.

I've stopped.

I'll be back, but I want to be sufficiently different from the person I am now so that I can look back on this and legitimately call it a "farewell" letter. Rigid similarity and forced empathy have driven me into a corner and to get out of it I must engineer my own trap door and hope the next fall isn't as bad as the last one. Then maybe I can look at my work and not lose sight of what it is; make it mine again.

There is a scream swirling deep inside my head and like an underwater earthquake it ripples the surface, but not enough that anyone notices in open ocean. But once it breaks on shore you wonder how something so large could ever have been missed.

The hardest thing for me to learn has been that it is okay to do things differ-It's funny I suppose ently. that I have never felt comfortable doing much of anything here. I always felt that I was doing it wrong, or that I needed to force something out of me that wasn't really there to accomplish what I thought others wanted me to accomplish. The worst thing I ever did was to decide to come back for my second year instead of staying on leave. I believe that more than anything right now and while I can chalk most of my time here up as a learning experience that is the only thing I regret.

I don't want to have the world I no longer rip up in my notebook explained to me anymore—or taken away. I think I'll go and find it.

continued from other side

Pisces (February 20-March 20): "Desirée"

I wrote it in my beach house, so there's definitely some ocean vibes going on in that one.

Pisces, I know how you're going to die. You'll be cruising along in your Oldsmobile Cutlass Sierra, listening to "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go," and a copy of *The Forward* will fly onto your windshield. You'll lose

control of the car, and plummet into the ocean, where you will be devoured by members of the Marsh family. Then, your family will try to have *The Forward*'s funding revoked, because there was clearly malicious intent. Know this: you died that others might live.

Aries (March 21-April 20): "Cracklin' Rosie"

On Saturday night those men

Screw The Forward

left alone would buy a bottle of Crackling Rosé wine, and that bottle became their woman for the night.

You are so fucking pathetic, Aries. You spend your spare time getting drunk and "proofreading" The Forward. You spend your spare time getting drunk and "proofreading" The Forward. You spend your spare time getting drunk and "proofreading" The Forward.

silent era. This movie makes *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* look like *Dirty Work*. (Not that both of those aren't great films too...)

Thing #5: I never went to a "party" in the pine forest. I also never took any acid, ecstasy, mescaline, 'shrooms, speed, ritalin, ginseng, Quaaludes, PCP, horse tranquilizers, Zoloft, Prozac, Vivarin, opium, crack, crystal meth, cocaine, or heroin. So by Hampshire standards I'm still straightedge. Oh yeah, and the Grateful Dead still suck ass.

Movie #5: Before I rank any more movies, I'd like to give a big shout out to Sergei Eisenstein, Luis Bunuel and Jean-Luc Godard for being three of the coolest filmmakers ever. I couldn't single out any of their movies in this list because all their shit rules. Rock.

Thing #4: I never got jiggy wid' it to Jejune in a dimly lit dorm room with a fine female and a chilled bottle of port. (But, thanks to some other experiences, I can never listen to that one Pavement album again...)

Movie #4: A Clockwork Orange. Actually, I'd like to put every Stanley Kubrick film I've ever seen into this slot, but I don't think I should stretch the top 10 thing that much. The story is great, the soundtrack will never leave you, and the ultraviolence and the lovely lovely Ludwig Van... oh, too perfect. Same for 2001, Dr. Strangelove, Lolita, Full Metal Jacket, The Killing... okay I better stop.

Thing #3: ...let's not go into thing #3.

Movie #3: Brazil. You know, it's funny... I've been writing about movies for four years and I still can't find the words to describe my favorite movies and what I like best about them. Take Brazil. It's perfect. Every shot makes my

head want to explode. It's a great story, the acting is great, it's just the best damn movie. Describing why is like trying to tell someone about why you like a band, it's just impossible to do with words. Is there some important-sounding, prosaic way to do that, so I can look like a good writer? I'll bet if I hadn't had Jennifer Montgomery for Film II I might know that (along with a lot of other things about film...).

Thing #2: I never got to live in Prescott. And I'm not bitter AT ALL (grr.)

Movie #2: Glory Daze. Let me tell you why Glory Daze is the second-best movie ever. One of the big climactic scenes takes place to the tune of Moron Brothers by NoFX. Ben Affleck plays a punker with a mohawk who gets mad when no one understands his art. Five wasted college guys start complaining about women and end by toasting Camus. Two words: "house darts." One character's hair changes color between scenes several times. It's this incredibly low-brow college movie with enough mixed-up high-minded pretensions to make it a beautiful monstrosity. An "A" for effort. Oh yeah, and Matt Damon is in it for two seconds as a character called Pudwhacker. Punk fucking rock. I love it!!!

Thing #1: I never actually got brought up on Community Review Board charges, although this semester was close. Up yours, suckas!

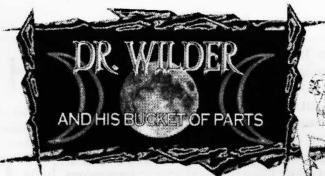
Movie #1: Clerks. You saw that coming. Kevin Smith is my personal hero forever for having the guts to max out five credit cards and make this movie. It's com-

pletely balls-out crass and it still has enough of a serious side to make the character's problems seem completely real. It was shot for 27 grand in the convenience store where the guy who wrote it worked. It has like a grand total of two artistic pretensions. It almost got an "NC-17" rating purely for language. Best movie ever, hands down. Fuck AFI.

Of course, I had to leave a lot of great shit out of the movie list... I mean, there's no Scorcese flicks, there's no John Sayles, no Akira Kurosawa, no Jim Jarmusch, no Spike Lee, no John Woo, no Nagasi Oshima, no Fellini or Hitchcock or Bergman, no Metropolis, no Apocalypse Now, no Orson Welles, no Dirty Work or SFW... it's hopelessly flawed really, there's just too many great movies. Well, I did the best I could with the materials available. Kind of like my college career, I guess.

Well, because I'd like to think that I will still care about my college life in another three months, I will leave a way for all of you to contact me. If you ever wanted to pick my brain, or always had a secret crush on me, or always wanted to tell me to my face that I'm a funny-looking horrible human being but you didn't have the stones for it, e-mail me at dada1920@whatthefuck.com. Don't get mad if I don't write back; after all, I am secretly debilitatingly shy. Sorry.

OK, time to ride off into the sunset. Next time you see a cheesy movie, or you're sitting around with your buddies slugging back Jim Beam, raise a glass to your favorite underqualified movie reviewer. I'll be somewhere doing the same.



Chapter Three: A Full Moon

by J. Wilder Konschak

andlin Becker and Simon Socorro were prematurely close the first time that they walked through the darkened crosshatches of Atlantic City streets. That time, making their company roll eyes at what was obvious, the two tackled and hugged each other, roaring with laughter, because the time for holding hands and kissing hadn't come yet. Then, when that time came, they giggled and tripped on curbs and patches of grass, their weight thrown clumsily around the other's shoulders or waist. But now, finally, this time, their last time, they walked with an impenetrable wall between them. They were strangers at last. After a year of sleeping together, the queasiness between those who'd never met caught up to their roaring and giggling. Now, this night, they were strangers for the first time, and they didn't know how to be strangers, or why they'd become strangers.

This was the night that Simon was to die.

They buffeted off one another's field of repulsion for several blocks before Candlin asked to walk home alone. Easily, Simon agreed to find his car in the sevendollar lot, and then find his college friend's apartment in Hamilton. He guessed the lonely drive might suit him well. He might sing with an old cassette, a Jimmy Buffet Greatest Hits that he'd lost between the seatcracks, beside an open window that would whip him with cool air. He might remember to feel alive.

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Candlin already knew that her walk to her family's house would jerk and weave with incredible tears and confusion. She already knew that she wouldn't be able to remember much at all, except pain.

"Simon?"

"Yeah?"

"Are you going to call me ever, Simon? Or is this it? Is this all, I mean?"

"I can call you," he said. "I can call you if you want me to call you."

Candlin nodded once, her big eyes squinting at him. She often squinted, and squeezed her lips together, when her thoughts were more than her words.

"Are you sure you still want me to call you?"

Sniffing, then sighing at a slow-passing car, she rubbed a pale hair from her red face. It was moist with tears, and it refused to be tucked behind her ear, behind her ear that had lost an earring to the beach.

"I'm sure."

"Are you sure you want to walk home alone? It's almost a mile. I can drive you still."

She shook her head, swallowing this time.

Simon nodded.

"I'd like you to call me, if you want to call me sometime," she said.

"I'll call you when I get home."

"Home?"

"When I get to Larry's

house. Or home. Whatever. You know."

She was breathing heavily. She was looking up to the stars, but she couldn't see any through the clouds. She was listening to her heart pounding in her ears. She was wondering why it was doing that.

"I'll call you, Candlin. I'll wish you sweet dreams. There's no reason I can't do that."

"Okay..."

"If you're walking home, you should start," he said. "There's no use standing here."

"I know, Simon..." she whispered. "There's no use standing here at all."

She turned, and took a few steps, then several more. Without stopping or turning to look at him, she waved back to him, as if she were cutting at the air around her. She stumbled on a broken chunk of sidewalk, but didn't stop moving away.

"Drive carefully, Simon."

"I will," he said, squeezing his hands into his pockets. "Goodnight."

"Night," she whispered under tears.

But he didn't hear her. So, he stood, hurt for a moment by her silence, before he turned and walked, marched, in the opposite direction.

Candlin, going by the same streets they'd come by, then happily, then on a crisp night, she found her surroundings grotesquely changed. Now the moon was faded. Now the ocean smelled sour. Now the air moved all wrong. And now Simon was gone. He was still alive, but she felt more pain stumbling home, gagging on rejection, than she would come to feel, slitting her wrists, to be with him again.

She did not yet know, this was the night that Simon was to die. And it was the morning that Candlin was to have her life's greatest shock, when he was found, a corpse. This was the weekend that the Socorros would bury their beloved, proud Simon. This was Candlin's last full moon, because when the next one shined over the sour sea, her heart would have unknowingly pumped too much blood into the bottom of a bathtub, across a gray hall carpet, into pools on flannel sheets that they had slept in once. She would have died with her pale arms wrapped wetly around a pillow that, to her, was him.

But this night was only the night that Simon was to become a spirit.

Unlike Candlin, who wept and wobbled off down a well-lit street, toward a childhood home, Simon played with questions about programming in his head, and wandered down a foggy, cracked sidewalk, toward the car that carried them together to the shore. He had a coin in his hand. He pushed it around in his palm. He turned it over and over. Then he dropped it on the pavement, making sure that it landed heads up.

Soon, he forced himself to smile, breathed in the deep drama of his own life story, sucked in freedom to pursue truer loves lost, and turned toward a darker chunk of the crumbling place. He'd mistaken the look of a traffic light. He'd passed his seven-dollar lot. The car that carried them together to the shore had become a point between Candlin and Simon. They both moved ever further from it, one

knowingly, and one mistakenly.

As the fog grew thicker, the mistaken one walked into the shadows of a greater mistake. He walked into the shadows of a three-dollar lot, and stood stupidly, staring into a crowd of unfamiliar cars. They were all beaten and dingy.

"Shit," he said. "Where am I?"

A siren rang a few streets over. There, a corvette stopped by the side of the road, and a woman dressed in black stepped out. There, she picked up a quarter from the ground. She didn't notice that it'd been laying heads up. She didn't think that it might be a lucky night or an unlucky night. She knew that it was night. So, she tossed the coin in the air, and snapped it back into her hand, having not looked at it once as it flipped, as it flew. She slid it into her denim pocket. She fingered her gun with the same hand. It wasn't a special night. It was the night that she was going to kill Benedict Young.

Still unable to realize that he was in a three-dollar lot, instead of a seven-dollar one, Simon Socorro made several half turns, and wheeled backward on his heels. He looked up at the crusty amber lights that bent over the cars like hobbled old men. They hummed falteringly. His sneakers crunched on the loose worn sand, on the broken blue asphalt.

He didn't see his car, or any car he could remember ever seeing before. There was a Volkswagen with a huge bumper-sticker reading Support Your Local Piper. It included a cartoon of a drunken Scotsmen. Seeing that, Simon concluded that he'd gotten himself lost, but he couldn't imagine where he'd calculated wrong. He never thought of the traffic light that misled him.

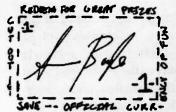
"Dammit, you'd think I'd know this town by now," he muttered. Then he half sighed, and half laughed, angry and amused at his own stupidity. Shaking his head, he turned and left the parking lot. He came slowly to the abandoned street again, with its gnarled, cratered surface. He looked out over the buildings, toward the siren, and soon saw where he'd gone wrong. "That's what I get for not paying attention."

He put his hands on his hips, and let his head fall limp, his chin to his chest. He'd grown impatient for the old cassette, still silent, stuck between the cracks of the distant seat cushions. He might have been listening for it, when over the distant hiss of the ocean, and over the distant hiss of cars, he heard footsteps smacking off the sides of buildings. They were bouncing toward him, distinctive to him without much thought. They were the heavy, swift steps of a woman in high-heeled boots. They were coming from exactly where he was shortly to go.

He only got the briefest of seconds to look toward the sound of the boots, before the shuffle and the gunshots closed his eyes forever. He only had a moment's glimpse toward the rhythm, hurrying along the erupted slabs of sidewalk, but nonetheless, he clearly saw a woman, stepping briskly out from the ocean's evening mist, out into the smear of golden, flickering light. She was a sensual, organic shape, set stark and black against the unmoving horizontals of a casinoparking complex, the verticals of lamps and signs, the diagonals of the roadway reaching toward itself and the boardwalk.

She reminded him of the eerie storm clouds that slid too quickly and too quietly across the sky before a hurricane hit the coast. For she slid to quickly and too quietly toward him.

He only saw her face for continued on page 18



FIJM CRITIC The Only Summer FOR HIGE Blockbuster!

by B.A. Boyle

Tell this summer you will probably go see one of Hollywood's newest blockbusters. You will be deafened by the sound system. Sickened by the sticky theater floors. Annoyed by the preteen couple conceiving in the aisle in front of you. And of course you'll feel cheated by the crap you had to sit through. For eight dollars I expect to be having seizures and foaming at the mouth because I'm so entertained. So I'm going to save you some money and recommend just one movie to see in the theater. I'm sure there will be more than one movie worth seeing this summer, but I mean you can go waste your money or you can listen to me.

Chicken Run: This movie is about chickens. In fact it is an animated movie about chickens. To be truly accurate, this is a Claymation film about chickens. Sure the film is going to be aimed at a younger audience but I got two words for you: Nick Park. Doesn't ring a bell? How bout, Wallace and Gromit.

Still doesn't ring a bell? Then go see Battlefield Earth and throw your money away. Nick Park is head of Aardman Animation, an animation studio in Britain, which created the Wallace and Gromit short films. These three films have won two Academy awards; Park also won an Oscar for another Claymation film entitled Creature Feature. Chicken Run is basically The Great Escape. (If you haven't seen the The Great Escape I'm not going to explain the plot because the title is pretty selfexplanatory.) Mel Gibson does a voice of one of the chickens and get this: THE FILM IS DONE COMPLETELY IN CLAYMATION. Go see this film and thank me next semester.

Here's the only movie you should rent over the summer:

Going Ape: This film from 1981 clearly demonstrates the power of the American film. It

stars legend Tony Danza, in a role that would not earn him an Academy Award. Was he robbed? Was there some sort of conspiracy against him? Maybe, the investigation is still going on as we speak and I'll be sure to notify you of new information on the matter. In the film Tony Danza plays Foster. Foster's father tragically dies and he is entitled to his father's five million dollar inheritance. As always there's a catch and this one is a doozy! Before Foster can receive the five million dollars, he must baby-sit his father's family of Apes and his crazy uncle, portraved by the amazing Danny Devito. I'm not going to give away any more plot lines but all I can say is wackiness ensues. Rent it and make a pirated copy so you can fall in love with Tony Danza again and again and again.

Well I wish I had more to say for this big final issue but I don't. So have a good summer and try not to do anything constructive because I sure as hell won't. Peace out Hampshire.

continued from page 17

that briefest of seconds — an imposing, heart-stopping thing, drawing too fluidly, too perfectly near — but he would not forget even a meaningless detail. The pinkness of it. The darkness around, and in, her eyes. The swoop and sway of black hair like the swoop and sway of her waist and hips. Her brow was crinkled. She bit her bottom lip. And, by God, he would not forget, that her eyes glimmered more than jewels, as the bullet leapt out between them, like a flashbulb explosion.

The ground caught his soft body with impeccable care. It folded him against it snugly, so that the next bullets tore through his back and arms, so that the last one tore through the base of his neck. His body peacefully gave up fighting, laying in the certain arms of gravity.

When it did, the scenes of his life didn't flicker before his eyes. He didn't see his birth, his childhood, his school, his family, or his favorite pet, through torn film stock, over a vague soundtrack. The flashbulb had burnt her face onto his mind. It was only her face, gently fading, like the afterimage of a candle slowly extinguishing before a closed eye.

When it was gone, his brain was still.

And he never had a chance to ask for her name.

Web Comic Roundup

by Michael Zole, www.zole.org

s we were dropping off the last issue, Jacob Chabot made an observation about the recent proliferation of comics in The Omen. Well, far be it from me to change that. I've discovered all kinds of excellent comics lately thanks to this thing called Wide "World the

few with you today. This list is not meant to be exhaustive, but then, neither is your mother. If you like these comics, I encourage you to visit the corresponding Web sites and read comic after comic until you fall asleep on your keyboard. My own comic, Death To The Extremist, is available at www.zole.org, but I'm not the self-promotion type.

Space Moose

http://www.spacemoose.com/



Bob The Angry Flower http://www.angryflower.com/

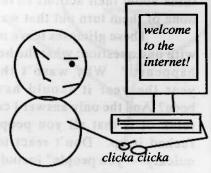


Jerkcity http://www.jerkcity.com/





The Aricle Goblins Surf the 'Net



J'accuse!

Dollop of Ass

by Gabriel Mckee

o, this year sure sucked.

Everyone I know had a crappy fall, at the very least. And I thought that spring had to be better. So spring comes. And it ain't. If anything it's worse, because the problems that used to be problems for a few people became problems for a whole bunch more.

But in the last week or two I've gotten a glimpse of an alternate world. In that world everything in this year went as it should have gone. In this world, people who have been jerks for the last 9 months have been kind and friendly. I joined the Omen staff in my first year, instead of waiting until the end of my third. I actually spent the year talking with the people who are graduating or transferring before the last week of the semester. Most people in that world aren't so petty as to think that their view of things is the only one, and are willing-even happy!-to accept opposing viewpoints. They actually have a sense of humor. People apologize when they do something stupid, or better yet think about their actions so that none of them turn out that way.

These glimpses leave me with one question: what the hell happened? Why wasn't this year the year it should have been? And the only answer I can think of is that all you people fucked it up. Don't react too quickly—"you people" includes

me. But that doesn't mean you're excluded. Because at some point this year you've done something stupid. You insisted you were right, and kept insisting, when any real analysis of your opinion proved you quite wrong. Or you wouldn't let a problem rest when its brief time was through. Or you were so loud as to keep a neighbor Or you from sleeping. complained about something you really didn't care about. that, all And from little person, every piled up into a big dollop of ass, and nine in the last we've all months take had to hearty bite.

And what's it done? It's made a number of my friends transfer, or at least go on leave until after I graduate. It's made asses make Council themselves about a number of things. It's made me care about campus politics—and believe me, I would rather not give a crap. I have much, MUCH better things to spend my time worrying about. It's made me want to take a flamethrower to the jerkwads on D-2 who keep riding their skateboards on their hall at 2 AM, even though we've telling them how been obnoxiously loud it is since

September. It's turned the campus into an ideological warzone because so many people assume that their framework for interpreting reality is incontrovertible fact. It's made everyone on this campus pissed off. Not just you. Everyone.

So what exactly can we do about it? Is there any way to guarantee that next year won't suck? I plan on being locked up in my room in the mods. Hopefully most of the problems have been dorm-centered. But I have this strange feeling that people in Enfield are, or at least have the ability to be, as stupid and egotistical as people in the dorms. I can only hope that the summer is a "cool-down period" for everyone. Think long and hard this summer about what you did to contribute to the pile of suck that was the 1999-2000 year at Hampshire College. Think. And then don't do any of those things again, dumbass.

My hats go off to Wade Stuckwish, Jacob Chabot, and Mark Hugo. They have made The Omen what it is today, and I dare say have positively shaped my Hampshire experience by so doing. The school is losing something great in you.

And to the prick that defaced my Gamera poster in the D-1 lounge: Fuck you. Everything in this article goes triple for you. Plus I'm going to punch you in the face.

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Hot Enough For Ya?

Shouting Theatre in a Crowded Fire

by Gwynne Watkins

t's the end of the world as we know it. It's the end of the world as we know it. And I feel... Hmm.

I was wondering aloud today why the weather is so darn erratic lately. My imaginary friend from Kenyon—who, I'm told, was briefly visible to others this weekend—was telling me about the "spastic" weather in the bustling village of Gambier, Ohio. This is just after my friend Gordon sent me the following email from Virginia Tech in Blacksburg:

Blacksburg, n. 1. A location in which the weather is completely and unpredictably erratic 2. A state of being in which two conflicting weather conditions can exist simultaneously (ex. "Look, it is sunny and there are no clouds in the sky, yet it is snowing. We must be in Blacksburg.")

And all this time, I thought the sunshineand-hail Aprils were just part of New England's charm.

But back to my wondering aloud. Wilder, who is usually there to supply smart ass answers when I wonder aloud, informed me that the weather has not been this schizophrenic for a good 200 years. In other words, prior to 1800, April showers brought May flowers and all your Christmases were white. But as soon as they finished partying like it was 1799, the climactic conditions had a mid-life crisis.

Personally, I was relieved to find out that the current weather conditions were not the abberation. Just the entire last 200 years.

But why would the weather choose now, of all times, to return to its former state of instability?

"Maybe the weather god is having a nervous breakdown," my imaginary friend suggests. "Maybe there's a different god for every weather condition. Like the god of sun, and the god of rain, and the god of kinda-sortarain-but-not-really. Maybe they have to all have quorum to create any particular kind of weather, and when they don't, this is what you get. Maybe a couple of them are vacationing on Venus, where it's always raining, except there it rains acid, and that's a little different. Apparently it doesn't rain in L.A. Maybe the

sun god went to live in LA and the rain god went to live in Seattle and the wind god went to live in Chicago, and there's no one left to make any decisions."

I remind my imaginary friend not to use the word "quorum" in my presence until the next housing deadline.

But I think her imaginary brain is on the right track. It's hard not to conjure an explanation that's vaguely apocalyptic, like Order just gave up and said, "Okay, Chaos, knock yourself out." I picture Chaos, by the way, as a three-year-old with an infinite variety of finger paints.

It's the end of the world as we know it, (It's) it's the end of the world as we know it, (It's) it's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine...

So the next time you feel like a world-class schmuck for having a conversation about the weather, remember the chick who dedicated her entire *Omen* page to it.

And remind yourself that she's still much, much cooler than you.

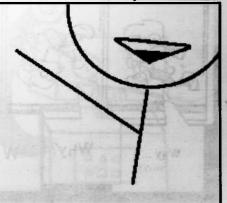
THE AMAZING EPILOGUE OF SURLY BOY

by Jacob Chabot

McCOY THE DUCK DATED JOEY KAREN A COUPLE OF TIMES, BUT THINGS NEVER REALLY CLICKED. AFTER A FEW MONTHS, THEY STOPPED CALLING EACH OTHER. THEY STILL EXCHANGE CHRISTMAS CARDS.

HE GOT A NEW ROOMMATE IN CHUCK. CHUCK CONSTANTLY DROVE HIM NUTS AND MCCOY EVENTUALLY MOVED OUT.

McCOY DECIDED TO FINALLY DO SOMETHING WITH HIS COLLEGE DEGREE AND HE BECAME A FOGEIGN AMBASSADOR. NOBODY SEEMED TO CARE THAT HE WAS A TALKING DUCK.



Save the World: Kill a Zachary

by Zak Kaufmann

ou hear that sound? That thunder in the distance? That's the sound of change on the horizon, the sound of revolution. This isn't one of your pansy every day revolutions like the Bolshevik Revolution or the Cultural Revolution; this is the people's revolution, and it's going to bring a hard order to this world that won't soon be forgotten.

The force behind this revolution is an organization that has existed since before the dawn of time (well, shortly after the dawn of time). We have been a guiding force in the world's development since the first monkey shat into its hand and ate it. We are 'The Zacharies', and we are everywhere.

We have been presidents (Zachary Taylor), Popes (Saint Zachary), Senators (Zachary Wamp), Nobel Prize winners (Zacharias Lorenz), sports heroes (Zack Wheat), musicians (Zac Hanson), even Russian dance choreographers (Rostislav Zakharov).

Until now we have been content to exist in the shadows, occasionally inserting a Zachary for public influence. That time is over, as despite our efforts, the world has

descended into madness (witness the rise of 'Who Wants to Marry a Millionaire?"). From this moment on the Zacharies will be taking a more overt hand in shaping the world. We will save this planet from itself, even if it means killing you all over and over again. From this moment on there is no America, no China, no Russia. All countries are united under the banner of 'the Zacharies' millennia old base of operations, Zacatecoluca, located in southern El Salvador (exports include textiles, baskets, wood items, and political intrigue). Zachary Taylor is currently being unfrozen so that he may resume his duties as a world leader, under the direct control of the New World overlord, the all powerful and all knowing Zach Morris.

Under Zach Morris' new guidelines, every community must have at least one Zachary stationed in it. Through this Zachary the rules and regulations of the 'Zacharies' will be administrated and enforced. Many communities already have a Zachary who can simply step forward and take the reins of leadership, but communities lacking a Zachary will soon have one shipped to them through overnight delivery.

We ask that you make the transition for your new Zachary as painless as possible.

This is a project of immense scale, and as such 'The Zacharies' are having a membership drive. Anyone wishing to join 'The Zacharies' should check in with their local Zachary for name reassignment (be it to Zach, Zack, or Zak).

For a complete list of new regulations please consult your local Zachary or view them at http://hamp.hampshire.edu/~zak99/zachary.html. An abbreviated list is as follows:

- 1. Anyone who repeats the late 1980s toy jingle 'Zach, Zach, he's a Lego maniac' will immediately be executed by pudding.
- 2. Star Wars: Episode 2 must be good. If it is not, 'The Zacharies' will seize production of Episode 3, and most likely mess it up real bad
- 3. All Hitler clones must immediately be turned in to a local Zachary, and all unregulated Hitler cloning must immediately be seized, under penalty of a small fine.
- 4. Monkeys are everywhere. They were out evolved millions of years ago, and yet they still hang around. Austrian zoologist and Nobel Laureate Zacharias Lorenz is heading the committee to investigate these damn, dirty apes.

We feel that with the institution of these and other exciting programs, society will quicly improve. If it does not, we will have to institute plan B: the enforcement of community norms, and may God help us all if it comes to that.



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Hello Boys!!

Life, The Universe, and Everything

by Jymm Gifford

really don't want to write an *Omen* article. I don't even want to still be here, at this school, while my family is having a big barbecue on the back deck of my grandparents' house. I want to be at home...but the public demands entertainment, so I will provide. I feel that it is my sworn duty to give you, my readers, something to complain about every week. And Benni tied me to a chair. So here I am, in front of his computer, typing the worst article I will ever write. My present to the graduating class of 2000. (whoo-hoo)

Today was a hell of a fun day. Went on the bouncy castle (I'm sure some of the guys gawking nearby enjoyed that spectacle too). Then I went on the slip and slide. (Whoo) Boy was that fun. Watched some people dressed up in costumes throw each other around a bit. Was surprised to learn that Hitler isn't actually dead...he's alive and well and working for the WWC. Silly Nazis. Somebody should just tell them to get over all of this "Perfect Race" shit. Anti Semitism is so passé.

I wonder how many words this is...199. Well, that won't do, will

it? Hmm...what else could I talk about? How much fun I'm not having right now? These ropes are tight. I didn't sleep for four days last week. Every night I went to the school store and bought a pile of caffeinated drinks. I took them home and drank them up. After a day or two I began to twitch from the amount of caffeine I was putting into my system. I know so much about families coping with illness that I think I could become a family therapist. And still, nothing is done. My family is convinced I'm having the time of my life. My mother thinks I'm sleeping with somebody. Ahh...the joys of family.

By the way, I'm wondering how a wonderful, funny, intelligent and beautiful woman like myself could go through a whole year at Hampshire and still be single. I mean really, boys, I get tired of always makin' the first move. So here's the deal. I'm pretty easy

to please....I like to go out and have fun. I like someone who makes me laugh. I like to dance, and I'm an optimist, though I can deal with pessimists. You don't have to be gorgeous...I'm not real interested in looks. So, if there are any smart, funny, fun loving guys out there, come on down my way.

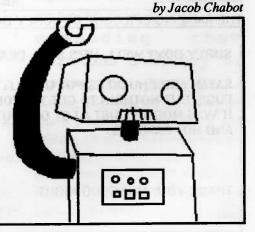
Well, 426 words. Doin' pretty good here. I woke up this morning and thought I was at home. Thing is, the home that I thought I was in was the one my family moved out of two years ago. Must have been something about the birds next to my window and the waves of heat breaking over my body. This heat puts me in a bitchy mood. Being tied to a chair at a desk puts me in an even worse one. Be glad you don't have to deal with me in a bad mood. It's awful....(boys, ignore this. Of course I'm sweet sunshine all of the time!)

Fine. I'm done. Congratulations to all of you who are graduating...the rest of you, I'll see you next year. Have a good summer. Peace out. I'm headed for the Jersey Shore.

THE AMAZING EPILOGUE OF SURLY BOY

WONKY THE ROBOT FRIED HIS CIRCUITS WHEN THE ROOF LEAKED AT THE FACTORY. HE KILLED OVER THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE IN HIS RAMPAGE BEFORE HE WAS FINALLY STOPPED. IT TOOK FOUR SHELLS FROM A SHERMAN TANK TO PUT HIM DOWN IN FRONT OF THE LOCAL STOP AND SHOP.

THE FACTORY CONTINUED TO MAKE ROBOTS.





From the Twisted Journal Entries of Tequila Elizabeth Flynn

by Keely Elizabeth Flynn

ist of Possibly Offensive Omen Articles:

Maybe I could write about the students who bitch about Hampshire to no end. They suck on so many levels. I feel like grabbing them by their scrawny, black turtleneck-clad, wire-rimmed glasses-wearing, German necks and forcing them to unroll their denim pant cuffs. If they're going to transfer, then TRANSFER! I'll help them pack. No, perhaps they'd rather just bitch about how The Man is fucking them over and preventing them from leaving, from getting a job, from copulating, etc. Cry me a river. Hey, misunderstood artist, I hope you do leave for another school and choke on a combo of Abercrombie & Fitch, Starbucks, Christina Aguliera, and your own vomit. I hate you.

On the other end of the stylistic scale from the Germans are the Messiahs. Who are you people? Have you ever gone to a class here? Put down the pipe, quit contemplating the pasta bar, lose the caftans and muumuus, and get the shit-eating grin off of your face. How dare you be blissful when you are draining me of my IQ? I am *dumber* for having smelled you! Comb your goddamn hair! I hate you!

I think we should make Hampshire a women's college. Yes, we should join the ranks of Smith and Mount Holyoke. I really don't think anyone would mind the loss. Granted, some of the males here aren't deserving of my wrath and are permitted to stay: both of you can sit back down now. I don't think the transition would be that rough; most of the "men" I know here are more effeminate and certainly bitchier than I am. A few random others think they're at U-Kegger and haven't yet realized their mistake. These people need to be shot. With unregistered rifles.

Shot dead. I would love to drop some names here and there of the idiotic endeavors that boys here are famous for- girls do talk, by the way- but if I decide to print this, libel would still be a very real threat. Ha ha. I'll just state that this list is not at all limited to the boys that I've had the misfortune of seeing naked. Oh no. This includes all of the other whiny and sniveling losers who can't even figure out how to lie adequately. Maybe I could even allow for a snippet that slams the boys who resent people that aren't willing to lay down and die for them. Hey, you know what? Maybe you are right, maybe I am hiding my true feelings. Thanks so much for helping me see the error of my ways; my intense fear of being undeserving of such love has made me do foolish things indeed. I could then redirect these delirious assholes to Smith or Mount Holyoke where their odds would go up. No, that would probably be too harsh to include in the article.

Who else could I possibly alienate and offend? The elitist theater and film fucks, "special interest" groups that blame me for the oppression of their people, the idiots who hold up the lines at Saga for hours, questioning about past lives of their Rib-a-Q—you dumb vegans, eat the goddamn food, it ain't suffering now!—the skateboarders who obviously cannot—did you know that we actually laugh when you wipeout, that we honestly hope for such a thing?—and so many, many others. But it might be easier to just suck it up and put on a happy face again.

Dear Omen staff,

I tried-I did. I just can't be bitter for this issue. This place simply evokes too much happiness and sunshine for me to dwell on the pettiness of a hardcore issue. Have a happy summer, I love you all...

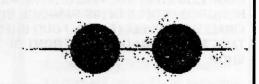
Love, Keel

THE AMAZING EPILOGUE OF SURLY BOY

by Jacob Chabot

SURLY BOY? WELL, HE'S STILL DEAD.

SATAN AND CHUCKLES PUT UP A LITTLE BIT OF A FUSS, BUT NOTHING TO GET TO WORRIED ABOUT. IT WAS MOSTLY JUST A LOT OF FOOT STOMPING AND HOT DAMMITS.



THANK YOU, AND GOOD NIGHT.

Notes & Nipples

by Christine Fernsebner Eslao In which Christine may or may not review new music and/or porn sites.

he first-years will have to spend the summer reading something "diverse," as prescribed by Hampshire College. Your [more lenient] assignments are detailed below.

MUSIC

wordy synthpop:

Magnetic Fields, The Charm of the Highway Strip. Yes, kids, they had albums before 69 Love Songs. Damn fine albums, with one singer throughout. In the case of Charm of the Highway Strip, a subtle masterpiece of synthetic mock-country, the singer is Stephin Merritt, übersongwriter of our time. Key words: trains, roads, the moon, lonely.

Momus, The Philosophy of Momus or Ping Pong or whatever you may find. Literate, name-dropping, and lecherous.

Key words: pervert, fake, fame, email, Shibuya, "my kindly friend the censor."

Either Le Grande Magistery compilation: Was It Him Or His Music? and All Done With Mirrors. All of it runs the risk of being pretentious and/or annoying (and occasionally succumbs), but it's worth it.

artsy instrumental stuff:
Godspeed You Black Emperor!
Slow Riot For New Zero
Kanada EP. Listen to
pretentious pseudo-classical
records like the wuss you are,

but let the name make your friends think you're Black Metal and burn churches and eat brains and stuff. Quoth the Band-A-Minute page (http://members.aol.com/nhennies/bandaminute.html): "Ok, I've got this idea for a new song. It'll start out slow and quiet with violins and pretty sounds. Then

The Lord hates
Halloween...
and its evil origin.

Satanic human sacrifices are a slap in God's face.

we'll start a tape of some guy ranting about urban decay. Then we'll get faster and faster and louder and louder until we can't go any faster. Then we'll get slow and pretty and it'll be over. Sound good?" Like that, except it's actually good.

Cathode, Sleeping + Breathing. So good they had to break up and move to different ends of the country as soon as their album came out.

notable local bands:

The New Harmful, The Wreckage Piled High
The Warren Commission, Rendezvous With You

and Hampshire's own "astral/ metal" heroes Maudlin of the

Well, My Fruit Psychobells... a seed combustible

Christmas albums:

Low, *Christmas*. "If You were born today, we'd kill You by age 8..." Hooray for depressed Mormons.

PORN

There are unspeakable things

that I do not see fit to write about in these pages. Not that there's anything wrong with them, but - you must discover the joys of Plushies, for example, on your own. Start at the "Society and Culture > Sexuality > Fetishes" category at yahoo.com (http://dir.yahoo.com/ Society_and_Culture/ Sexuality/Fetishes/) and go from there to whatever intrigues you: bellybuttons, inflatables, orthodontic braces, "wet and messy," et cetera. Just remember to

clear the location bar history before your younger siblings use Netscape.

EXTRA CREDIT

Go a whole three months without eating my leftover Chinese food without asking, demanding that opinions contrary to yours be censored, playing Bis, vandalizing someone else's property and calling it art, posting unsubstantiated rumors on the Daily Jolt, wearing Bis paraphernalia, and/or breaking random windows in a drunken rage. Good luck.

So Who Wanted Wade??

by Gareth Edel

fter four fun filled (pain in the ass) years at Hampshire I am going to graduate, and as a stunt and final good deed I decided to get Wade a date, and so a contest was born. In the end, Wade went out with two girls and there were all sorts of adventures along the way. But today, tell you the results. Two dates, each with a different girl. so bad for a guy who hadn't really gone on a date durhis inq first three years. Wade was pretty happy.

The problem with Wade is he was a gentleman, he didn't kiss either girl because "it was the first date" and that would have been too forward. Too forward? These two fine young ladies not only asked to go out with him, but were willing to do so in print in The Omen. So now we know Wade is too much of a gentleman. The first date was with a Hampshire student, who I can say is pretty cute. Jennifer was taken on an all expense paid date to eat at Appleby's and then to see the best date movie ever, American Psycho. Now as far as I am concerned if your date is willing to see the movie American Psycho, you should at least get a good night kiss. Jennifer for those who are interested is 18, from New Jersey, and describes herself by saying she "likes to have fun." Now as far

as I am concerned, when before the date, the girl says she "likes to have fun" that means a little kiss wouldn't be too much. But that is just my opinion. The really impressive thing is that Wade, who knew Jennifer before the date, said it was too much like just hanging out and Jennifer said that she had a good time and would go out with him again. So once again dear reader, he should have kissed her good night. But I think it was cute that he didn't.

The second date Wade went on was with a Mount Holyoke College student named Aurora. Aurora was from Tucson Arizona and was also an 18 year old. She described herself as off beat. She rides horses, do I need to say anything else? And what a surprise, Wade didn't even kiss her on the cheek at the end of the night. They saw Keeping the Faith starring Edward Norton and Ben Stiller. It all sounded like a regular everyday date.

So what, you are wondering what the hell the point of all this is? I shall try to explain. This whole experiment boils down to two things. First, even when you think you are unattractive, as Wade does, you are attractive to some people. And at least in Wade's case they are pretty cute. The second thing that I want you all to take away from this is that some guys like Wade are stupid. Not in a sexist, date rape, they should be castrated kind of way. Stupid in a nice way, but a way which means nothing will happen on the first date. I guess we are all stupid in one way or another.

To reinforce the main point above, that even a pudgy, balding little guy like Wade (not to be offensive) can get girls. If that is true, believe me, when I say to all you girls who think you don't look good, take heart, keep smiling, sooner or later a guy who likes you will have enough balls to ask you out, and then you can decide to be like Wade and not kiss them on the first date, or not.

All the events in the above ended a week or more ago. But only a day or two ago, a girl who is quite attractive walked up to me and asked me about the Wade contest. She wanted to know the details. Why you might ask? I'll tell you. She has a crush on Wade. She almost entered the contest.

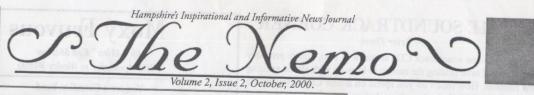
The moral of the story is, we are all better off than we might imagine. Wade is a nice guy, and despite any short comings, the ladies seem to appreciate that. So for all of you great girls guys there, or for all the folks who can't think of themselves great, remember the saga of a short named Wade, who started to realize he was a stud too late. Remember that you should give them a kiss on the first date if you want to, just a little one though, just on / the chance I am wrong.





HAVE A GREAT SUMMER COMMUNITY COUNCIL!

by B.A. Boyle



FUN WITH THE EDITOR



ably already heard about my approaching marriage to the eyeballmelting, strawberrywriter, and convent-in-

nocent, honest-to-gosh virgin. Despite the prompting and prodding of my good, though sometimes gutter-brained, friend, Frank Costella, we've kept our smoldering passions well-tended, and have not progressed beyond heavy-petting; which is to say, we haven't kissed.

Thus, while I am deep in preparation for the sacred ceremony, and distracted by holy sexual repression - day and night fighting to think of anything but the subtle curves of Samantha's untouched fuzzy sweater - I have left the Nemo, my first love, in the hands of MICHAEL ZIMM

You've prob- my trusted high school compadre, Kevin O'Kevin.

He's a swell guy and not at all homosexual, because he's Christian, and it's Holy Week (when this was written), as you should tipped Samantha J. all know from my informative reminder on Nilf, fellow Nemo the Saga dryerase board.

So! Enjoy this issue, and wish Samantha and I the best of luck! And stop pinning condoms to my door when Samantha and I are doing aerobics. The Pope doesn't approve of contraception!

Sincerely,

Editor-in-Charge, and Fun Lovin Guy

26 Killed Just

Because ...

by Kevin O'Kevin

MERRILL LIVING ROOM - In an event that one Merrill House Resident has described as, "A total bummer," members of the Hampshire College Public Safety SWAT Team stormed Merrill C yesterday in an apparent drug bust, killing 26 residents.

"I mean I was really having a radical day," said a resident who wished to remain anonymous, "And then I found out my roommate was killed and my TV was all shot up. Man. I used to watch Friends on that TV."

Public Safety has yet to make a statement, but residents are flabbergasted by accusations concerning drug usage.

"Drugs at Hampshire College? Hardly. Maybe at Mt. Holyoke, but never at Hampshire."

An Interview with Jean Claude Sodexho

by Steve Kevin O'Kevin.



Zey serve very wonnnnderful zat zee preezoners do not so foods zere. Oh, and zee waffles! much get clean, as zey get "Tres bien!"

more dirtay ... and diseased!

How does this all relate to the showers, Jean Claude?

Ah! The showers! About zem - I plan to replace zee dog urine wiz



How are you? I'm very good today.

In general, how is the Private Prison business going?

It is very going quite well, sank you. It is very kind of you to ask zis question. It shows zat you care.

Monsieur Sodexho, what do you Well, currently zee current think of Hampshire College's situation in my Private Dining Commons?

Let me ask you more about That's very clever of you. your own personal Private Prisons. How are they?

Oh, zey are very bad indeed! In fact, zee more successful are zee Hampshire College Dining Commons, zee worse it gets in my Private Preezon!

What kind of things are you working on for your Prison right now, Jean Claude?

I am delighted zat you have asked me zis. I am now starting a thing zat I like to call zee "Acid Fund."

Now, what is the "Acid Fund," exactly?

Preezon is zat, in zee show-It is a very elaborate dining com- ers, in zee pipes, zey are mons. It is "tres profee-tabla!" filled wiz dog urine. Zis is so Yes. However, zis is not good

enough for MY Private Do you mean, supplement the Preezon! Oh no!

What do you mean?

fact zat acid burns. I've had many expensive scienteests working day and night to find an acid zat burns. It turns out zat all zee acids burn.

Even hydrochloric acid?

Oh! Especially hydrochloric acid! But, zee acid zat haz caught my eyes, or tickled my fancy, as you Americans say, is SULFURIC ACID. Zee name just sounds so nastee! It's like from zat movie. "Don't touch the SULFURIC ACID! It burns!" I think Bruce Willis waz in it.

zee SULFURIC ACID!

urine with acid, then come to eventually replace it?

Oh non non! I want to Lizzen to me. It is scientific make it a big jump! So zey get into zee shower expecting zee urine and zey get zee SULFURICACID instead! Then they're jumping around and screaming, "Zis is Acid! It burns! Where is my urine?" And zis is me up in my office. "Tee he he he he he he." I am laughing at zem.

Any closing words for your friends, Jean Claude?

Merci beaucoup Hampshire! My accountants have told me zat each time you swipes zee card at zee Dining Commons, I get one more gallon of SULFURIC ACID! Eat healthy HC! Mangez! Mangez!



ANIME SOUNDTRACK CORNER

by Peter Zimm

If you buy anime soundtrack CDs as much as I do, you're probably having a hard time finding the money to keep up with all the exciting new releases. How much do you spend on anime CDs every month -\$200? \$300? Well, that's nothing, believe me - I sink no less than \$500 a month into those babies. It seems like we see a great new CD everyday - Kind of like the Angels in Evangelion! But seriously, I'm here to save you some money with this list of "must-have" recordings. I'll make it quick, because I'm sure you're eager to get back to that new Slayers Try fansub (I certainly am!)

p.s. If you're one of those fucking assjabbers who imports CDs from those pirates at SM Records, I swear to God I'll spit on your grave.

- 10. Bubblegum Crisis 2040: Red Hot Remix
- 9. Record of Lodoss War Harmonic Dragon Suite
- 8. Neon Genesis Evangelion Theme Lucky Remix (22 remixes of Cruel Angel's Thesis, including the one where Rei sings!)
- 7. Revolutionary Girl Utena Lesbian Undertones Vol.3
- 6. Macross Plus Cell Phone Case (this isn't a CD, but it's so cool you can hardly call yourself a Macross fan if you don't have it!)
- 5. Ranma Nibunnoichi: Doshinsu Collection Vol.2 (Warning: Don't douse this CD in hot water! kidding again folks.)
- 4. A Magical Girl Pretty Sammi Christmas
- 3. Dragon Ball Z: Closing Theme Collection (that's Dragon Ball, not drag ball, you crazy kids!)
- 2. Pretty Soldier Sailor Moon Super S Transformation Theme Megamix (the classic fanfare's Super S incarnation - now forty-seven minutes long, with a spoken bridge by Usagi and verses sung by each of the Senshi! A must have.)

And, of course...

1. Final Fantasy Ad Nauseum (3 discs)

FRANCESCA'S FIRST MOVIE VER REVIEW!

by Fracesca La Bop

Moxy Fruvous

by "Akira" Ken McKoo (With Apologies to Wesley Willis)

You are a Canadian band. You played in Northampton last Saturday night. You are super-good. Your opening act whooped the llama's ass. You put on a king-hell rock show.

Mooooooooxy Fruuuuuuuuvous Moooooooooooxy Fruuuuuuuuuvous Mooooooooxy Fruuuuuuuvous Moooooooooxy Fruuuuuuuuuuuvous.

Your jam session was awesome. You made fun of a guy in the crowd. You wore good hats. You sweated alot.

Mooooooooxy Fruuuuuuuuuvous Moooooooooooxy Fruuuuuuuuuvous Mooooooooxy Fruuuuuuuuvous Moooooooooxy Fruuuuuuuuuuuvous.

> Rock on London, Rock over Chicago. McDonald's puts shit in the meat. Every bite is a no-joy hellride.



Michael Zimm, Editor-in-Cheif, hails from Grand Rapids, Iowa. He loves nothing more than the blood pumping excitement of journalism (except, maybe, Samantha, he adds with a smile). He's always looking for young cubs to join the Nemo Staff. Maybe the next photo could be yours!



Samantha Jane Nilf, Editor-in-Cheif's bride-to-be, hails from Grand Rapids, Iowa. She loves flowers, babies, lollipops (she's a tad addicted to the tootsie pops, though she doesn't know how many licks it takes to get to the center yet!) She likes to think of herself as staff cheerleader and den mother

I am standing before you here today to perform my first movie review. It is of a movie called Gladiator, which stars Russel Crowe in his debut role film, as the misguided son of an Ohio mayor who sets out in a road trip to sow his wild oat and to find himself. Starring also is Bruce Willis and actress female Nina Hartley as young Russel's companions in traveling. Oh the fun that ensues!

Triangle of love is fascinating.

I love this movie greater than Kubrik's latest effort *End* of Days: The First Movie. I encourage all to flock in droves to the local film house to view this film movie. Eat Popped Corns! Lots. Soundtrack by Korn.

ROUND AND ROUND END OF YEAR SPECIAL







by Samantha J Nilf



by Frank Costella











herself as staff cheerleader and den mother.

Kevin O'Kevin, was born in Queens, NY, but moved to live with his grandparents in Grand Rapids, Iowa, when he was only twelve. When asked to identify his biggest influences, he solemnly points to his window. "The world. It is my mother. It is my lover. It was what I live for."

Ken McKoo, better known as "Akira" Ken McKoo, is often called a Renaissance Man by his friends. He's an artist. He's a singer. He's a poet. And, of course, no one can forget the wonderful banana-merengue pies this man bakes! He is the elmer's glue in our little toothpick house.

Peter Zimm is Michael Zimm's little brother, but he was adopted. For his first 8 years in the Zimm household, he wet the bed. He once peed on his brother. This was long a bone of contention between the brothers, but they made up to work on the Nemo!

Francesca La Bop met Michael Zimm through a 5th grade pen-pal program. When her small French village was raided by Vikings, she escaped to America on a giant flying peach. Now, Francesca is learning English fast, and looks forward to writing a regular article.

Frank Costella is art director for the Nemo, and is also the genius behind ROUND N ROUND, the Nemo's original strip. He is currently negotiating a 10-yr contract with the New York Times to bring ROUND N ROUND to the masses. He also really loves his cat. Its name is Rambo.